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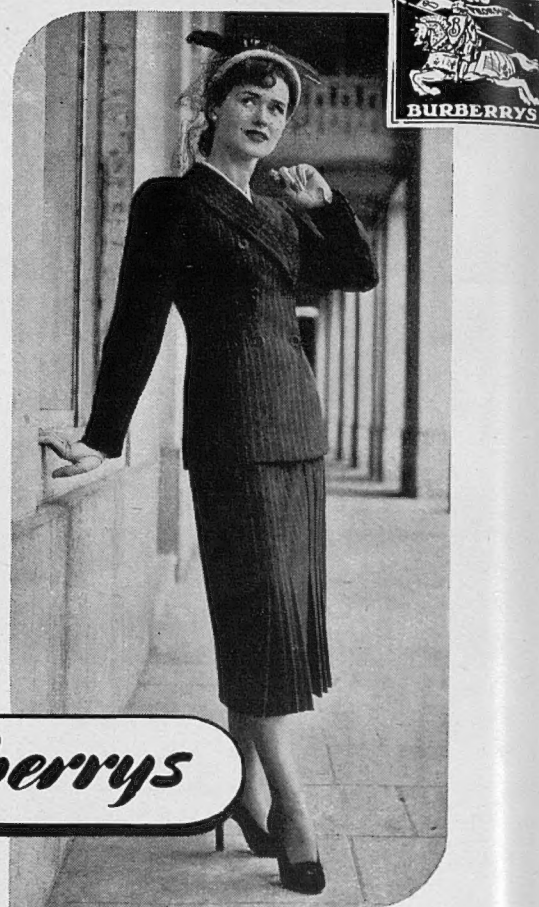
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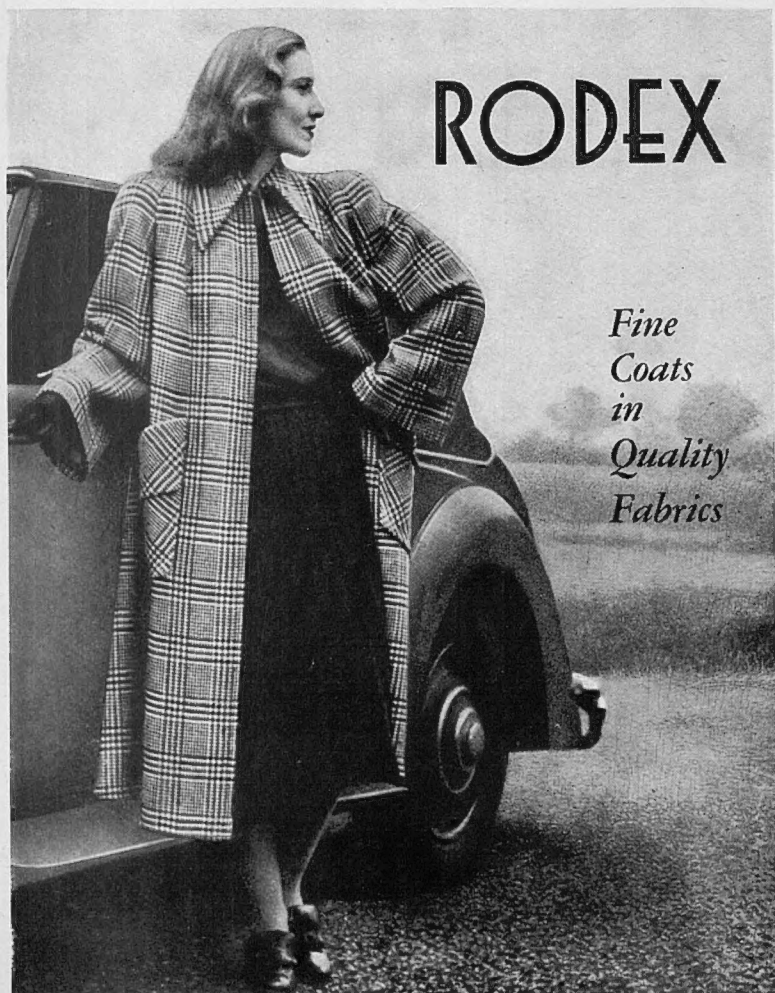
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The TATLER

and BYSTANDER

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LONDON

JULY 28, 1948

Vol. CLXXXIX, No. 2455

THIS ISSUE

Fleet Air Arm Party.
The staff of a Fleet Air Arm ground station in Berkshire gave a garden party with many unusual features, attended by civilians and representatives of all three Services. Page 105.

Polo at Roehampton.
Despite the uncertain future of polo in England, the contestants in the County Week matches at Roehampton—won by Cowdray Park—brought to their games a style and vigour which won very encouraging comment. For pictures see pages 108 and 109.

Bembridge Regatta.
This great event for the Solent classes attracted, as usual, a large and very keen entry, among the competing boats being Princess Elizabeth's yacht, which finished third in its class. See page 110.

Dance At Sutton Place. The Duke and Duchess of Sutherland gave a dance for two of their young friends at their lovely Surrey home, which will be long remembered by those who went to it. Pages 112 and 113.

The Savage Club played a golf match against the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company productive of many close games and much good-fellowship. "The Savages" won. Photographs on page 115.



H.M. THE QUEEN laying the foundation stone of the church of All-Hallows-by-the-Tower which is being restored after its near-destruction in bombing raids. All-Hallows, which is 1,300 years old, is the first of the City of London's many damaged churches to be rebuilt. Steel and timber for the purpose have been given by friends in the U.S. and New Zealand, and a Canadian, Mr. John McConnell, of Montreal, is presenting eighteen new bells



Christian in the Delectable Mountains, a scene from the stage version of "Pilgrim's Progress" which is being performed at Covent Garden to celebrate the 250th anniversary of the S.P.C.K. This presentation, which is sponsored by the London "Daily Telegraph," has been adapted by Hugh Ross Williamson, and Robert Speaight takes the part of Christian

Some Portraits in Print

Being the lucubrations of your most obedient scribe, Mr. Gordon Beckles

SOMETIMES the weight of fantasy in a situation becomes too much to bear, and in such circumstances an Englishman is often tempted to ease the burden by dismissing it as "straight out of *Alice in Wonderland*"—as if that were explanation enough.

I had never thought—for instance—to be in the stalls of Covent Garden listening to the prose of John Bunyan from the middle of a row of nine bishops and sitting beside a man who, like the White Rabbit, kept looking at his watch but muttering: "I'm really supposed to be seeing Jack Benny. Tch! Tch! Tch!"

Yet it has happened.

Someone has suggested that the noun of assembly for bishops is a beneficence (I can think of a number of others) but I suppose it would be a "convocation" if anything, and here they all were—not nine but more like two hundred and nine—having a busman's (or bishop's?) holiday from the Lambeth Conference by attending the first night of the staging of *Pilgrim's Progress*.

HERE they were in the interval in gaitered glory, sipping soft drinks through straws and discussing in grave tones the actors, at least a couple of whom—Mr. Robert Speaight and Mr. Jack Hawkins—could teach a thing or two to any bishop I have ever heard when it came to diction.

What glorious prose in this great allegory! They have staged it for this special occasion with all the magnificence that Covent Garden can command, yet were it played on a bare stage—sans song, sans dance—the story of Christian and Faithful and Hopeful would be quite enough, so rich in thought and music are Bunyan's lines.

(As for the man who should have been seeing Jack Benny at the Palladium, he was a

journalist who had been sent the wrong seats by his office, and discovered this fact too late.)

WHEN I venture into Christie's or Sotheby's I am often tempted to wonder how much of the work of to-day's craftsmen is likely to come under the hammer a century or so hence.

"What am I bid for this tubular-steel Gothic chaise-longue? . . . Lot 120. A set of authentic glass tumblers bearing the initials 'L.N.E.R.', thought to be the property of a nobleman . . . Lot 121. An oil painting of Mrs. Flutterbow (after Gerald Brockhurst) three guineas, five, ten . . . What am I bid for this antique early twentieth-century gas cooker?"

No surmise can be too fantastic, for consider: most of the world was just recovering from the over-stuffed decoration of the Victorian age when the precious ones suddenly elected to discover beauty in over-stuffed Victorian, rhapsodized over wax-fruits in glass cases, thought Victorian trinket-boxes were too delicious and even went so far as to collect the antimacassars at which the rest of the world was still laughing scornfully.

May we yet find that with the passing of the great houses of England there has also passed the ability to create the things that were put in them, and that objects of beauty not strictly utilitarian are going, going, gone?

TWO of London's great houses are now open to anyone who cares to step inside the front door. One of them happens to be the headquarters of Christie's.

This is Spencer House in what was once the little backwater of St. James's Place and takes the place of the old Christie's, which was blitzed in King Street, across the way. It lacks the warm charm of the former rooms and must

have been rather cold to live in, with its frigid decorations by James ("Athenian") Stuart, one of the earliest exponents of the eighteenth-century Greek revival.

Yet Spencer House has one advantage, for from its western windows there is a glorious view of the Green Park, rather distracting from the general solemnity of the sales if the sun happens to be shining.

One day last week I spent a pleasant hour watching a mixed collection of pictures and drawings coming under the hammer, and marvelled again at the art of the auctioneer, in many ways so much like that of a conductor taking his orchestra through a rehearsal.

No one but the conductor (or auctioneer) can appreciate the whole picture, for he alone faces the players and with glances and gesture conducts the proceedings to a satisfactory crescendo.

SOME of the pictures were being bought, I imagine, just for their frames, but a foot-square gouache of *Les Fortifications de Paris* by van Gogh (painted about 1887) leaped from a hundred guineas to a thousand.

Artists must have mixed feelings when they see their work being bandied between strangers. Indeed, I know this to be true, for I once went to a sale with an artist who started quite violently when one of his own paintings unexpectedly appeared on the rostrum, a work which he had long forgotten, but the sight of which evoked painful memories of the circumstances under which it was painted.

The original Christie, by the way, came from Scotland about the same time as one John Murray. To-day Christie's still flourishes within a few hundred yards of its original rooms in the middle eighteenth century, while a few hundred yards in another direction

another John Murray still conducts his historic publishing business at No. 50 Albemarle Street.

These must be two of the oldest firms still doing business in the West End to-day. (A famous grocery firm founded just about the same time is believed by its directors to have its origin in the appointment of a certain flunkey at Buckingham Palace to the rôle of Master of the Candles. After the balls were over, he would collect the half-burned candles, shape them again and sell them in a small shop he established for the purpose.)

THE other big house which has opened its doors to passers by is No. 4 St. James's Square, the town residence of Lord Astor. This is in the north-eastern corner and—like so much of London's façade—gives little external evidence of its true size.

No. 4 has been lent to the Arts Council.

Visitors going there for the first time may be surprised to know that the house has its own garden, at the end of which is a graceful annexe. True, the garden is now overshadowed by one of those tremendous office buildings whose creators don't give a tinker's cuss what they look like from behind as long as they have a showy front—and how typical of the commercial ugliness of our age is this tendency! Among the worst offenders are some of the super-cinemas, whose sumptuous frontages only partly hide ugly corrugated iron roofs and water towers.

It seems a pity that the infliction on the community of horrors such as these is not an indictable offence. "FIVE YEARS FOR MAN WHO POSED AS ARCHITECT—'Desecrated Lovely London Square'—Judge's Stern Words."

Mention of the craftsmanship of to-day (or lack of it) reminds me that a Crafts Centre has recently been formed and is looking for London premises.

This is a worthy object, for we are in danger of forgetting one of our greatest traditions, and one in which, in the eyes of the world, we have been supreme.

Everything to-day seems to conspire against fine craftsmanship. I hope the Crafts Centre won't get swamped by all the other semi-official bodies now setting to work to save the nation's artistic soul—the Council of Industrial Design, the Central Institute of Art and Design, the Arts Council, the Rural Industries Bureau, etc., etc.

THE Regency folk seem to have won their battle at Brighton but those lovely squares and crescents appear to have had a close shave. Perhaps *The First Gentleman*, both as play and film, did something to remind the "improvers" that stucco can be quite as decorative as reinforced concrete. Brighton blotted its copy book badly just before the war when it permitted the erection on the front (and just within its borders) of an apartment house that throws its whole skyline out of balance.

The idea of inviting the Duchess of Kent to open the Regency exhibition was imaginative, the Royal Pavilion having doubtless heard the name mentioned in its Regency youth. I dare say, too, there have been other bearers of the title visiting Brighthelmstone through the centuries, for few titles can have been borne by so many different families—Plantagenets, Greys and Nevilles, each in turn becoming extinct.

The First Gentleman was not the film I saw when I was last in Brighton. It was altogether a grimmer affair, which made me fully credit a remark I have just heard attributed to a small boy by an earnest inquirer into the effect of the cinema on the adolescent mind.

Asked what he wanted to be when he grew up he replied, with touching simplicity: "A sex maniac."

ÆSOP'S FEEBLES

by Justin Richardson

The Horse and the Motor Car

A Horse which drew a heavy dray
Could frequently be heard to neigh
"I wish I were a motor car:
I cannot go as fast by far.
What has it got that I have not?
It drinks, it sort of eats, gets hot,
It has four hooves, and two big eyes,
Lives in a stable and it dies—
What is the difference!" At last
He formed the view that cars went fast
Either because they had no teeth
Or *did their work from underneath*.
The latter seemed more likely and
Next day our hero took his stand
Under the floorboards of his cart,

I don't know how he got a start—
I don't know if this story's true—
But Stopham Hill is 1 in 2
Or 1 in 3—I may be wrong—
And furthermore it's four miles long;
And down that precipice he tore
At 90 m.p.h. or more
Passing a Bentley and six Rolls
And lesser breeds of cars in shoals.
To each he gave a snorting neigh
Meaning "Oh boy! Is this O.K.!"
Until of course, the hairpin bend
When . . . There I think we'd better end.

Immoral: Motor cars *should* have teeth.



THE REGENCY FESTIVAL EXHIBITION in Brighton Pavilion was opened by H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent, who is here walking with the Earl of Bessborough to the Pavilion from the main entrance. The Duchess is patron of the Festival, which is lasting another fortnight. The exhibition includes a remarkable display of Regency furniture, and the "set piece" is a table laid for twenty-four diners, from the description of a Royal banquet given by George IV

Anthony Cookman
with Tom Titt

At the Theatre

"Musical Chairs"
(Playhouse)

SEVENTEEN years ago this tragic farce won instant recognition. It was a first play, and nobody doubted its right to rank with the small number of remarkable first plays written within living memory—*Widowers' Houses*, *The Shadow of a Gunman*, *The Silver Box*, *Journey's End*, *David Ballard*, *Hindle Wakes*, *Berkeley Square*. Perhaps there are others, if I could remember their names, but none, alas, written since 1932.

We are given no reason now to reverse that enthusiastic verdict. The Playhouse revival—though a rather blurred reflection of the marvellously well-acted original production with Mr. Gielgud, Frank Vosper and Miss Carol Goodner as its principals—quickens the old regret that so apt a learner in the school of Tchekov as Ronald Mackenzie did not live to forge a style of his own.

IF he had lived he might have continued to believe that only things of the spirit matter, but he would surely have learned—from Tchekov, if not from life—not to overstate his excellent case against materialism. Insensitiveness, stupidity, vulgarity of soul are God's best gifts, since by them alone can man



Laurence Naismith
takes the part of the on-
looker, Samuel Plagett

be made happy. Thus boldly, bitterly and perhaps nonsensically the dramatist sums up his youthful philosophy and the sentence is the theme of his strange, melancholy and wildly funny farce.

ONLY one of the men and women thrown together in the hot Galician oilfield gets what she wants. Being a hard American woman "insensitive, stupid and vulgar of soul," she is able to know precisely what it is that she wants. What the others want is not so easily defined, and the world seems framed to thwart their immediate desires.

The neurotic, war-destroyed hero is seized with a bitter passion for his step-brother's fiancée, the hard American woman, but he is loved by the family drudge. The hero's father, who likes his wife, is bored by her and plays the elderly fribble to a mercenary little girl from the village.

The American woman gets what she wants, and the poor family drudge is a witness of her triumph. The river in flood receives her and her misery; it also receives her would-be rescuer, the man who could never have loved her and whose unsatisfied desires drown with

him. His threnody is movingly sung by the old fribble, who loved his son.

IT is a chief weakness of the piece that its last scene is only a youthful tribute of admiration to *The Cherry Orchard*; yet even there the effect is copied with a strong touch of individuality and the departures successfully introduce a genuine pathos into the atmosphere of tragicomic frustration.

Mackenzie's promise is at its plainest in the first act when the rooting of the characters in the mind is so swift, surprising and certain and the easy natural English humour is free to expand without interference from the somewhat too Russian plot.

MR. RICHARD BIRD is, perhaps, the only player who is able to recapture something of the quality of the original performance, but his is fortunately the key part to all the humorous side of the farce. He draws a most engaging picture of the old oil prospector philandering half ashamedly while he waits with strong business nerves for his well to spout a fortune. The hero is played by Mr. Laurence Payne with an emotional strength which just misses its proper tautness. Miss Gabrielle Brune discovers the hard attractiveness of the American woman, and Miss Enid Sass, Mr. Laurence Naismith and Mr. Richard Warner are each adequate in minor parts.



Department of Glib Explanations: Wilhelm Schindler (Richard Bird) shows decided ingenuity as he explains his interest in the personable young person Anna (Danuta Karell) to his suspicious wife (Enid Sass)

You Can't Please Everybody: Joe Schindler and Irene Baumer (Laurence Payne and Gabrielle Brune) enjoy their idyll, but Irene's fiancé, Richard Warner, and Joe's worshipper (Lucille Steven) are anything but gratified



Photograph by Angus McBean

HELEN HAYES, the First Lady of the American Theatre, to-night makes her London début in the theatrical event of the year, John Gielgud's production at the Haymarket of *The Glass Menagerie*, which gained for thirty-four year old Tennessee Williams the New York Drama Critics' Award for the best play of 1945. Helen Hayes, born in Washington, D.C., started her career at seven and became a celebrated child actress. Her first grown-up Broadway triumph was as the dream daughter in *Dear Brutus*, and her most famous rôles in recent years have been as Queen Victoria in *Victoria Regina*, and as Harriet Beecher Stowe in *Harriet*

P. Youngman Carter*

[Decorations
by Hoffnung]

At The Pictures

On Location



WHY in the name of Good Fortune do the Americans do it? They own the last word in studios, equipment, technicians, script writers and every conceivable form of expert in the trade and they can buy the cream of the international acting world whenever the homegrown product may seem to them inadequate; but they persist in attempting the impossible, which is to make a good film about England in Hollywood.

Three of their four offerings this week make the effort, with results ranging from the ludicrous to the downright offensive, yet their fourth, a piece of pure Americana, is full of fine craftsmanship which here and there becomes a work of art, and yet contains more box office appeal than all its rivals rolled into one.

The setting for *The Sign of the Ram* (London Pavilion) is described as "Cornwall, England" and the reasons behind this deft comprehension when, clearly, "Cape Cod" would have served infinitely better. This charade concerns an American family run by an elegant creature (Susan Peters), who is anovelist, a cripple and a virulent young matriarch.

In intervals between attempts to ruin the love affairs of her step-children she writes doggerel verses at midnight—quite a feat since she has only the intermittent flash of a neighbouring lighthouse beam to enable her to see the paper.

This is a fair sample of the nonsense of the entire farrago and it seems a pity that Columbia, who are responsible, did not go the whole hog and employ a seaside amateur dramatic society to play it. The standard of acting could hardly have been lower and yet might have contained more honest gusto.

ON the other hand, the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer version of *If Winter Comes* (Empire) possesses a certain quality of casual effrontery which is destined to inspire a deep if not irate feeling of no-enthusiasm in almost every British heart. The story has been shifted twenty years on and there is an attempt to cash-in on the "We-Stood-Alone" days which is unsuited to a transatlantic accent. The result is, unhappily, offensive.

Mr. A. S. M. Hutchinson's mild little tear-jerker which brought us back to homeliness and the purely domestic problem after the carnage of World War I, belongs most intimately and peculiarly to its period. Removed from the beginning of the twenties to the end of the thirties it becomes fatuous and unlikely nonsense.

This is bad enough but the overall impression one receives is that the change has been made solely for commercial reasons. Mr. Walter Pidgeon is an able Canadian actor who has more ease before the camera than a dozen other top-liners, but his version of a harassed provincial Englishman in this film is frankly absurd.

Among the cast are a number of British subjects by birth. Was there no single voice raised to say:

"Sirs, this was not our attitude to life, these were not the uniforms we wore, even our milk carts and our telegraph boys were not like this—there is no trace of England here"? Not a soul, it seems, got hot under the collar. It is to be hoped that the make-up concealed their embarrassment and the dollars assuaged their humiliation, for it seems only fair that such an expenditure of talent and energy should produce something besides ninety-seven minutes of thundering bad taste.

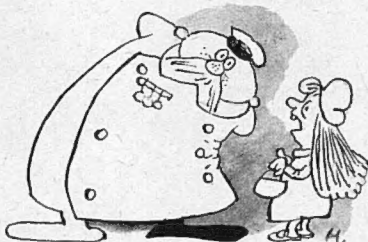
CONSIDERABLE care and forethought have gone to the making of Wilkie Collins's classic *The Woman in White* (Warner's) as properly becomes the dignity of the *fons et origens* of modern mystery novels. True, Messrs. Warner Bros. have taken a few liberties with the plot, but they are of no great consequence for all the fun of blackhearted full-blooded Victorian villainy remains. However, whilst they were about it, why did they not transfer the scene from Berkshire to the countryside around Boston? The story would be just as complicated and far-fetched and the uncompromisingly American players must surely have breathed more freely. If the hero can be paired off with a different heroine, why not leap an ocean?

Entertainment in this dark tale of satanic greed stretching out to engulf decorative innocence, is provided by two distinguished actors, Mr. Sydney Greenstreet as Count Fosco and Mr. John Abbott as the hypochondriac, Frederick Fairlie. Of the two it is Mr. Abbott's film; he can produce a Dickensian atmosphere at the lift of a handkerchief and can give us a masterly grotesque, pure Cruikshank, in half a sentence. To steal a picture from under Mr. Greenstreet's nose is a considerable feat and to watch the process (as gracefully achieved as a quick fifty runs at Lord's from L. Hutton) is a delight.

Mesdames Alexis Smith and Eleanor Parker look on at this exhibition of virtuosity with decorative grace, and a word of thanks is due to the designer of the interior sets which are suitably and magnificently larger than life. My second best congratulations however must go to those responsible for the concluding shots which present for the first time on the screen a deliciously sly

version of the final chapter of any Victorian novel. Only the acute will be able to understand a word of it, but it is clear that, despite illegitimacy, murder and attempted seduction, everything in the artificial rose garden will be lovely for ever and ever.

WITH *I Remember Mama* (Leicester Square), the week's entertainment becomes sane and adult again. Here is a story which is purely and uniquely American; it is a microcosm of their history and only those who had felt it in the deep heart's core could have contrived it so sincerely. For us in this country it lacks the note of nostalgia which is clearly inherent in this account of



the struggles of a Norwegian family of immigrants to San Francisco at the turn of the present century, but the verity of the human values remains.

Acting, casting and direction have the same high quality and one's interest is concentrated on the tale itself. We see simple folk experiencing simple troubles and delights and unless we are unbearably sophisticated we cannot survive the experience without a modest tear, a genuine quickening of the pulse and a sigh for the common and tragic business of growing up.

Irene Dunne as Mama conveys the essence of all mothers fighting for their broods, yet she is never a symbol but always an individual, and a very particular product of her age and background. Of necessity she shares her triumph with the other outstanding figure in the narrative, the fierce and lovable Uncle Chris (Oscar Homolka) but every character is a portrait drawn with skill and tenderness.

Mady Christians and Frederick Valk played the major rôles in the recent London stage production (also by John Van Druten) of this adaptation of the original novel. Were they more moving? The answer is that each performance had its individual excellencies, little sequences when the living actor scored by virtue of being three-dimensional or the screen bettered the stage with its larger vision. But it is Uncle Chris and Mama, not the players, who will live in the memory.

MY *Brother's Keeper* (New Gallery) is our only home-grown contribution of the week. Here is a swift, workmanlike thriller, full of excellent detail, and it has the sure-fire theme of the chase. The fugitives are a hard-bitten criminal (Jack Warner) and a potential young wrong 'un (George Cole) who happen to be handcuffed together at the moment of their escape. Their pursuers are the police and the newspapermen.

Now the thrill of the chase is one thing and the grim moral that the wages of sin is death is quite another. Maurice Wiltshire who wrote this story and Mr. Sydney Box who produced could not, it would seem, make up their minds whether they were entertainers or moralists. Thus at every turn, when a sympathetic thrill for the fugitives began to stir, the moralist appeared exclaiming in effect: "Yes! But look what an unworthy pair they are!" and as soon as one felt the uneasy hope that the young reporter in pursuit might have a bit of luck the voice of a directing conscience seemed to murmur: "But see what a doltish public this young man is pandering to. Look at his News Editor, look at his companions! I hope you don't read this kind of sensationalism!"

So nobody has any fun. This is something of a pity since there are so many good players, so much accurate observation and no little wit. Next time, Mr. Box, may we please be on somebody's side, may the best side win and may we have the same team in the field?

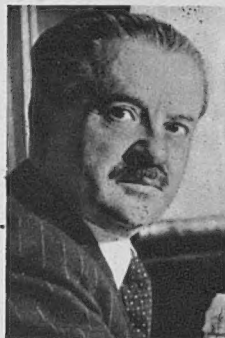
* Deputizing for Freda Bruce Lockhart who is on holiday.

ERIC PORTMAN

is returning to the stage, after eight years in films, in Terence Rattigan's two new short plays, *The Browning Version* and *Harlequinade*, studies of failure and success, respectively, at a public school and in a theatrical company. In both he will star with Mary Ellis as husband and wife, and the plays will have a six weeks' summer tour before coming to London in September. In *Harlequinade* he will appear in a dress-rehearsal of *Romeo and Juliet* as Romeo, a part which he played at the beginning of his career at Sadler's Wells. Eric Portman will also be seen shortly in the film version of Sir Patrick Hastings's play *The Blind Goddess*, in which he appears as a genial and famous K.C., in contrast to the sombre rôles in which he has up to now specialized on the screen.



George Bilainkin.

TRAVELLING IN
EUROPEH.E. M. Zoltan Tildy,
President of Hungary

Gentle, pleasure-loving, glib Budapest suffered grievously in this war. But in the precincts of the palace there is no visible reminder of the rapine and murder of the years of terror. The effect is of truly Hungarian lavishness of decoration and furnishings and sombre impressiveness.

The modest, calm-eyed, calm-voiced President of Hungary's 9,250,000 citizens looks back on the humblest material depths and the heights of moral courage against Nazis and Fascists. Born in November 1889 in Losonc, now Czechoslovakia, to the son of a farmer, young Zoltan began work early for his father could barely support the family on the proceeds of a few acres. Zoltan's mother died when he was seven, and schooling suffered. But he caught up, and by twelve supplemented the joint income—by teaching, in Balassa Dyarmat. In good spring weather temptation was strong and he landed carp in the river, or played at centre-half, or took part in athletics.

AFTER studying in two Hungarian colleges, Tildy obtained in 1913 a scholarship from the Reform Church of Hungary which introduced him for a year to the pleasures of Assembly College, Belfast. He passed oral and written examinations in English, and still enjoys reading English books and some newspapers.

In his first post as assistant preacher at Orczi in the county of Somogi, Tildy worked a small plot of land to feed his wife and two youngsters. The third child was born in the village which he remembers also for the long marches to the forest to cut food for winter fires. In the next village Mrs. Tildy rode twice or thrice weekly to market with the family's produce from the vegetable plot of a few acres. Tildy found time to edit a monthly with a circulation of 30,000 appealing to rural priests, to control a printing press with three (still extant) linotypes. He moved to Budapest, established the Hungarian Tract Society, and transported the printing press there.

IN 1933 he returned to the country, as minister at Szeghalom. Here he remained throughout the years, with the exception of dramatic 1944. The Germans were seeking the agitator who had formed the Independent Small Holders' Party, with advanced views, but he left home ten minutes before they arrived on a morning in May 1944. Several days and nights of hiding followed. Joined by his sons and daughter (now the Hungarian Minister's wife in Cairo), Tildy remained "underground," and at nights organised meetings with party leaders. Immediately after liberation by the Russians he was President of the National Committee, planned land reform, became Premier, and two years ago was chosen President.

But I like his reflection, "One is generally happier when young . . . the struggles then are beautiful."

BUDAPEST.—

Square-shouldered, tall, slim officers of the Guard in faultlessly cut uniforms, and a few civilians who show traces of enjoying Hungarian cream cakes, regard me with interest as I march up the wide staircases of the lavish Presidential Palace for an audience with H.E. M. Zoltan Tildy, distinguished clergyman of the Reform Church of Hungary, and since February 1st, 1946, head of the Third Republic.



Some of the guests at the dance, which was held at Aldermaston, near Reading: In front, Mrs. Leslie Bows, Mrs. Horton, Mrs. Fenton, Mrs. Pettit Mills, Mrs. Humfrey and Mrs. Radford-Potter. Behind, Mr. A. W. Pinniger and Air Cdre. Fenton

The Vine Hunt Summer Dance



Lt.-Col. R. H. Palmer, the Master, with Mrs. Neil Gardner and Victor Clarke, the huntsman



Sir William Mount, Bt., High Sheriff of Berkshire, dancing with Lady Mount



The Hon. Evelyn Fitzherbert, brother of Lord Stafford, with Miss S. O'Brien, Miss P. O'Brien and Mr. D. Cairnes



Commander and Mrs. C. H. Hutchinson sitting out during one of the dances



At the buffet: Mr. Pinniger, Dr. F. Endean, W/Cdr. and Mrs. Hall, Miss Joan Endean and Mr. Tom Mundy



Guests watching a display by Naval divers at the garden party given by H.M.S. Hornbill, the Fleet Air Arm training establishment at Culham, near Abingdon



Group-Captain and Mrs. S. H. C. Gray take a keen interest in the diving

The Fleet Air Arm Gives a Garden Party

H.M.S. Hornbill is "At Home" Near Abingdon, Berks



Mrs. Leyman, wife of the O.C., with Sir Esmond Ovey, from Culham Manor



Mrs. C. G. Stow and Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Cobban were three more of the guests



Lady Harwood, wife of Admiral Sir Henry Harwood, with Lady Ovey



Cdre. D. I. M. Neame, with Admiral Sir Henry Harwood and Capt. H. Leyman, the O.C.



Two Hornbill officers: Lt. R. H. Kilburn and Lt. F. W. Wilcox, with Miss T. Ruddy



Watching a glider demonstration: W/Cdr. P. J. Mote, Lt. J. W. Campbell, 3rd Officer J. Youngs, Section Officer P. M. Marr, and Major K. F. Fullagar



Brigadier H. C. Whittaker with Mrs. Whittaker and Group-Capt. L. E. Jarman



The Hon. Patricia Stourton, only daughter of Lord and Lady Mowbray, Segrave and Stourton, after her wedding at Brompton Oratory to Mr. Petre Crowder. Mr. Crowder is a barrister and served with the Eighth Army during the war. The bridal attendants are (behind) Miss Prudence Rowley, Miss Monica Stourton, the Hon. Desmond Chichester (best man), and Miss Rosemary Crowder; (in front) June Ducas, Jonathan Harris, in Coldstream Guards uniform, Harriet Stonor and Christine Rhodes

Janifer writes

HER SOCIAL JOURNAL

Court News: Officers of to-morrow delighted the King by the precision of their drill and all that they know about the most modern developments of the art of war, when he went to the Royal Military Academy, Sandhurst, to see the first passing-out parade of officers of the Regular Army since the amalgamation of the old Royal Military College and the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich. Later, his Majesty lunched with the cadets, instructors and Major-Gen. H. C. Stockwell, who wears the blue shoulder flash of the paratroops.

Watching the parade, unknown to the King, were two former Adjutants of the R.M.C., now members of the Royal Household, Lt.-Gen. Sir Frederick Browning, Comptroller of the Household to Princess Elizabeth, and Brig. Norman Gwatkin, the Assistant Comptroller of the Lord Chamberlain's Department, who has the reputation of being one of the wittiest men at Court. Both wore mufti and both were much impressed with the quality of the potential officers on parade.

PRINCESS ELIZABETH, who is now leading a quiet life, which her doctors advised, has recently made two informal visits, one to the private view of the tempera paintings by Savely Sorine at the Wildenstein Gallery, New Bond Street, where the artist's portrait of the Princess occupies a

place of honour among the exhibits. It is an exquisite reproduction of her delicate colouring. The other visit was to the Council for Youth of the Church of England, at Lambeth Palace, where the Princess went as President, because she has a very strong interest in all that is being done to help post-war youth in a perplexed world.

Early in August, I understand, Princess Elizabeth intends to go north with the King and Queen, to spend several weeks of complete relaxation and quiet at Balmoral, where the Duke of Edinburgh is planning to join her for the three weeks of his annual leave from the Royal Naval Staff College. She will remain at Balmoral until the late summer or early autumn, before returning to Buckingham Palace, where, according to present plans, she will be for the birth of her baby, expected in the middle of October.

* * *

MISS SUSAN BLAKE, wearing a bridal dress of the traditional white satin with a tulle veil, made a very pretty bride as she walked with her father, Vice-Admiral Sir Geoffrey Blake, Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod, up the aisle of St. Mark's, North Audley Street, for her marriage to Mr. John Ehrman. The bride was followed by a retinue of four bridesmaids and two pages. The little boys were Christopher Devas and Michael Devitt, and the bridesmaids, who wore long yellow dresses with wreaths of blue and yellow flowers

in their hair, were the bride's cousin, Miss Heather MacMullen, with Miss Anne Kerr, Miss Mary Arbuthnot-Leslie and Miss Sara Peel.

At the reception at Claridges, where guests were received by Vice-Admiral Sir Geoffrey and Lady Blake, with the bridegroom's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Ehrman, there were many Hampshire friends, as both families live in that county. Among those I saw were Capt. the Hon. Edward and Mrs. Pleydell-Bouverie and her son and daughter, Lord Montagu of Beaulieu and his sister, the Hon. Mary Clare Scott-Montague, Lady Armstrong, Lord O'Hagan, Lady Firebrace and her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Firebrace, Lord and Lady Bledisloe, in London for a few days while he attended the House of Lords, and Sir Claud and Lady Barry.

VISCOUNTESS JOWITT and Sir Geoffrey and Lady Shakespeare with her pretty daughter, Mrs. Mackenzie, were also guests. Admiral of the Fleet Lord Chatfield was accompanied by Lady Chatfield—they are very old friends of the bride's family, Sir Geoffrey Blake being at one time Lord Chatfield's flag captain.

Also there were Lady Dent, Capt. and Mrs. Guistard, from the Danish Legation, Mr. and Mrs. Vivian Simon, Mrs. Holman, Mr. Philip Syrett, who was best man; Mrs. Vivian Nickalls, S/Ldr. and Mrs. Burgess, Lord and Lady Kenyon, Mrs. Lubbock, Lady (Cecil) Harcourt, Mr. Ian Hunter, Lady Dilke and the bride's cousin, Cdr. Michael Blake, who made an amusing speech proposing the toast of the bride and bridegroom, who later left for their honeymoon in France, the bride wearing a dress of brown and yellow

print under a long duck-egg-blue coat with a bonnet-shaped hat to match.

ANOTHER lovely wedding was when Mr. Petre Crowder married the Hon. Patricia Stourton at the Brompton Oratory. This big church was very nearly full for the occasion, guests filling both the side aisles. The bride was given away by her father, Lord Mowbray, Segrave and Stourton, and wore a beautiful dress of ivory slipper satin embroidered at the waist with pearls, and an old family ivory tulle veil. She was attended by one page, Jonathan Harris, in a scarlet Coldstream Guards uniform of olden days, with three little girls, her cousins, June Ducas and Harriet Stonor, also Christine Rhodes, who wore long white net dresses with head-dresses of scarlet roses, and carried little baskets filled with scarlet rambler roses. There were also three grown-up bridesmaids, Miss Monica Stourton, cousin of the bride; Miss Rosemary Crowder, the bridegroom's sister; and Miss Prudence Rowley, who wore attractive white brocade dresses with head-dresses and bouquets of mixed white flowers.

NEARLY 600 guests went on to the reception at Claridges, where Lord and Lady Mowbray, Segrave and Stourton received the guests with Capt. and Mrs. John Crowder. I saw there the bride's two grandmothers, Mary Lady Mowbray, Segrave and Stourton, and the Hon. Mrs. Edward Gully; also Mrs. Anthony Milburn, the Hon. Lady Granet and her sister, the Hon. Lady Pollock, the Earl and Countess of Gainsborough and her mother, Mrs. Kathleen Stourton, and Lady Illingworth, who is a great friend and neighbour of the bride's family in Yorkshire. Also Lord and Lady Ellenborough, Capt. Petre, Lady Foley and her son, Lord Foley, who is a clever musician and composer; the Kabaka of Buganda, who has been a student at Cambridge, where he has made many friends; the Hon. Cecil Law, the Hon. Henry Lumley-Savile, Prince George of Denmark, in uniform, Miss Susan Landale, Lord and Lady Brocket, and Capt. Straker-Smith.

Gathered around the four-tiered wedding-cake, which the bride cut before the best man, the Hon. Desmond Chichester, proposed the health of the couple, were Lady Sarah Savile, Lady Elisabeth and Lady Anne Lumley, the bride's brother, the Hon. Charles Stourton, Miss Sonia Graham-Hodgson, Mr. Humphrey Humphries, Mrs. Geoffrey Sherston and her daughter Jill, the Misses Throckmorton, Lord and Lady Gifford, Vicomte d'Orthez, the Hon. Mrs. Sherman Stonor, Mr. Derek and the Hon. Mrs. Stanley-Smith, and Mr. Bill Harris, with his attractive wife in navy blue, their two small daughters, and their son, who was the page. The Hon. Mrs. Petre Crowder looked radiant in a coat and hat of pale blue when, with her husband, they left to fly to Paris and the South of France, where they are spending their honeymoon in a villa at Beaulieu, kindly lent them by the Hon. Richard Greville.

TALL, good-looking blonde Miss Anne Clifford, the eldest of Sir Bede and Lady Clifford's three daughters, and vivacious and attractive Miss Diana Huggins, eldest of Sir John and Lady Huggins's three daughters, shared the fun of having a dance given for them by the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland at Sutton Place, their lovely home near Guildford, which is always a fairy-tale setting for a dance.

Both girls wore white—Anne, who is artistic and paints, always chooses pretty and original clothes, and for this dance she chose a white tulle dress, strewn all over with ermine tails, while Diana, who is brunette, wore a lovely hand-embroidered white organdie dress with a wide gold belt; she was staying at Sutton Place for the week-end with her parents, who have now returned to Jamaica, where Sir John is Governor. Diana has stayed over here, where she is training to work with the B.B.C. on overseas broadcasts.

Lady Huggins, who looked charming at the dance in a green brocade dress, is a most active Governor's wife, and in 1944 founded the Jamaica Federation of Women, which now has 300 district committees representing 20,000 women. Sir Bede and Lady Clifford did not have far to come as they live quite near, and had a large house-party for the dance.

THE DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND, who looked enchanting in a spotted white organdie dress with a very full skirt, wore the historical Marie Antoinette diamond necklace, with other fine family jewels. The Duchess was, as usual, a wonderful hostess, and took care of her guests with the Duke, who has for many years had the reputation of being a splendid host, both at Sutton and Dunrobin, his lovely Scottish home.

Among those I saw dancing in the long gallery or sitting-out admiring the priceless pictures and tapestries adorning the walls were the Chilean Ambassador and Mme. Bianchi, Sir Noel and Lady Charles, and Prince George of Denmark, partnering Miss Felicia Warburg. The U.S. Ambassador and Mrs. Lewis Douglas brought their daughter Sharman, and Lady Elizabeth Lumley I saw dancing with the Hon. Charles Stourton. The Hon. Michael and Lady Pamela Berry were dancing together, and so were Mr. and Mrs. Everard Gates, the latter in an exquisite silver dress. Another lovely dress was worn by Miss Diana Stewart-Murray, who was dancing with Lord Swinfen.

Among many others I saw Lord Fairfax, who was also staying with the Duke and Duchess for the week-end; Miss Sarah Worthington-Evans, dancing with Mr. Johnston; Viscount and Viscountess Ednam; Mr. John Murray, a young American friend of Miss Diana Huggins's, who had flown over from New York especially for the dance; Lady Rosemary Spencer-Churchill, Miss Judy Dugdale, Lady Caroline Thynne, the Hon. Caroline Cust, Mr. and Mrs. John Dewar, Mr. Michael de Pret-Roose, Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert



Capt. John Crowder, M.P. for Finchley, Lord and Lady Mowbray, Segrave and Stourton, and Mrs. Crowder, the bride and bridegroom's parents, who gave the reception at Claridges

Miller, the Hon. Christopher Beckett, who brought his debutante sister Clare, Mr. Francis Dashwood, Mr. David Lloyd Lowles, the Earl and Countess of Hopetoun, the Hon. David Ormsby-Gore and his very pretty wife, the Hon. Ronald Strutt, Sir Anthony Weldon, Loelia Duchess of Westminster, and Viscount and Viscountess Lambton.

MRS. WINSTON CHURCHILL presided at the first committee meeting in connection with the world première of the film *London Belongs to Me*, to be shown at the Leicester Square Theatre on August 12th, which Mr. Arthur Rank has generously lent in aid of the United Europe Movement. When Mrs. Churchill originally sent out invitations for this meeting it was to take place at her home, but the response was so great that the meeting had to be transferred to the Dorchester.

Lady Violet Bonham Carter, who is vice-chairman of the Movement, spoke at the meeting, telling us about its aims. After which tickets sold fast and furiously, and several generous donations were given, including a donation of £1000 from Mr. Walter Hutchinson, and one of 50 guineas from Mrs. Reynolds-Veitch. Among those who bought tickets were Marie, Marchioness of Willingdon, Lady Wilkinson, Lady Bennett, Mrs. Bernard Hill, Mrs. Robert Grimston, Lady Suenson-Taylor, Mrs. Norman Crowther, who was up for a few days' visit from her home in North Wales, Mrs. St. Quintin Fordham, Mrs. Miller Munday, the Marchioness of Reading and Lady Forbes-Watson; there are still a few tickets left which can be obtained from Mrs. Winston Churchill at the première office, 79, Davies Street, London, W.1.



Guests at the Wedding Reception of Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Petre Crowder

The Hon. H. Lumley-Savile, brother of Lord Savile, Miss J. Reid, a friend of the bride who has just returned from abroad, and Mrs. E. D. Loyd

Miss Anne Crowder, sister of the bridegroom, with the Hon. Charles Stourton, only son and heir of Lord Mowbray, Segrave and Stourton

Miss Bridget Keppel, Lord Savile, the Hon. Alethea Fitzalan-Howard, daughter of Viscount Fitz Alan of Derwent, and the Hon. Deirdre Lumley-Savile



The Ham team just miss scoring a goal in their semi-final with Cowdray Park on the famous ground. The Week was most successful, and the quality of the ponies, both as shown and ridden, was impressive.

POLO AGAIN AT ROEHAMPTON CLUB

Cowdray Park Beat Cotswold by Three Goals to One in the Hard-Fought Final of the County Week



The Hon. Mrs. J. Lakin showing her brother, Viscount Cowdray's, pony Naranja



The Hon. Mrs. George Murray, Viscount Cowdray's third sister, with Major A. David and Mr. Charles Smith-Ryland



Mrs. Philip Fleming on her Lalinda, which was the winner of the polo ponies' lightweight class



Commandant Le Man, a French visitor, with Mr. L. C. Welch, No. 1 of the Ham team, and Mme. Le Man



Lt. Aguirre (centre); of the Argentine Olympic jumping team now in this country, with his wife and Mr. J. A. Traill



Mrs. Victor Cartwright with her son Mr. C. Smith-Ryland, Friar Park's No. 1



Four of the spectators were Dr. Oldham, Miss Mary Oldham, Miss Dorothy Oldham and Mr. C. H. Leach



Col. E. J. Atkinson, an umpire, Col. Guinness, Mr. J. Lakin (Cowdray Park) and Mrs. Humphrey Guinness



Mrs. Selwyn with Mrs. Kitson, who played No. 2 for Birkdale, Junior County Cup winners

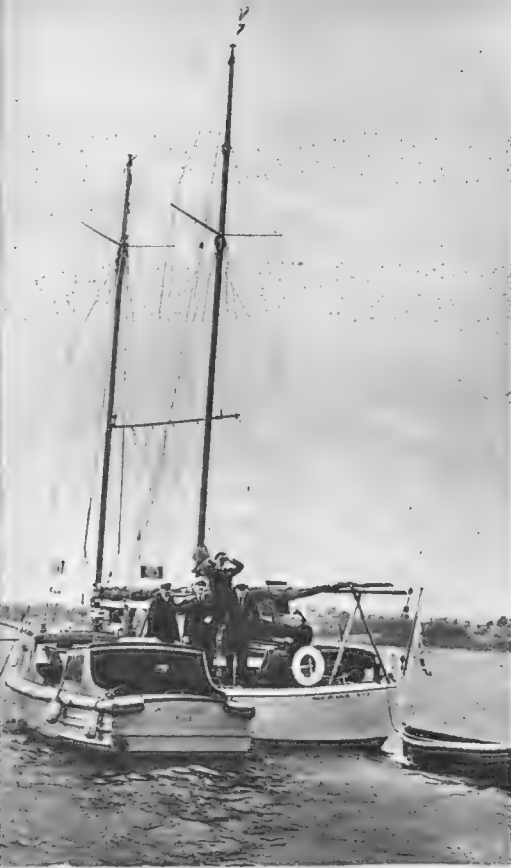


Mr. Alistair Gibb, who played back for the Cotswold team, talking to Mrs. Allan Roberts



Mrs. C. D. Miller presenting the cup to the winning team: Viscount Cowdray, Mr. J. Lakin, the Hon. Mrs. A. Gibb, Viscount Cowdray's eldest sister, and the Hon. Mrs. J. Lakin

Grey Skies but Keen Racing at the Bembridge Two-Day Regatta



Lt.-Col. Britten's Maid of Arun was the committee and starting boat



Col. and Mrs. Huddleston make their way across the shingle to their boat



Cdr. Tufnell's Club yacht, owner at the helm, sailing strongly across the wind



Col. Desmond Fitzpatrick and Lt.-Cdr. F. M. Crichton, who sailed the Princess's yacht with Mrs. Fitzpatrick



Some of the committee: Cdr. Grant, Lt.-Col. Wiggins, Major Nainby-Luxmore, Lt.-Col. Britten and Sir Derrick Gunston



Lady Gunston and Sir Derrick Gunston talking to Mrs. Hugh Collins, who is Vice-Commodore of the Bembridge Club



Mrs. Simmonds, Mrs. Johnson, Miss Virginia Johnson and Miss Pauline Brickwood watch from the beach



Mr. A. Emus and Mrs. Michael Wood, who is the owner of Svala, which was third in the Redwings class



At the clubhouse: Mrs. Macandrew, Mrs. Cooke, Mr. Harry Brickwood and Lord Ruthven (Rear-Commodore)



Lt. B. Talbot, Miss T. Child, Mr. Michael Barnes, Miss Fay James, Mr. Ian Anstruther and Lady Serena James



Mr. G. W. Barber, Lady Rose Fane, sister of the Earl of Westmorland, Mr. Charles Tidbury and Miss C. Thornton

Eton Beagles Hold a Hunt Ball in London



The Hon. John Warrender, son and heir of Lord Bruntisfield, and the Hon. Mrs. Warrender



The Earl and Countess of Mansfield, their son, Viscount Stormont, and Miss Josephine Gordon-Cumming were other guests at the Savoy



Cdr. David Dunn and Lady Rosemary Dunn, who is a relative of the Earl of St. Germans

Priseilla in Paris The Season Tarries

IN those almost carefree days before the war, tradition had it that no true Parisian ever remained in town after the Grand Prix. Nowadays, wherever one goes here, one sees familiar faces, parties are still given and, on the rare fine evenings that come our way, the open-air restaurants of the Bois and the Champs Elysées have a *tout Paris* attendance rather than the provincial crowds one used to expect.

The smartest private party of the "*grande saison*" was given by Edward Molyneux; extremely gay and amusing. About five hundred people turned up between 10 o'clock and the wee sima' hours. I was overjoyed to meet friends that I had not seen for ages: Elsa Maxwell, whom I last saw at the Bal des Petits Lits Blancs a year ago; Mrs. Julie Thomson, whom I had not run across since the first night of *Bless the Bride*; and Rosie Dolly Netcher, of Dolly Sisters fame. There were, of course, the most gorgeous frocks.

At this big party I noticed the Comtesse de Polignac, Lady Diana Duff Cooper, H.R.H. the Princesse de Bourbon-Parme, Princesse Cora Gaetini and the Comtesse Albert de Mun. Others there were Mary Pickford, who still has the charm that made her "the World's Sweetheart" when pictures were silent, Gladys Robinson and Edward G. Robinson, who have become one of the most popular couples in Paris, Mrs. William Randolph Hearst, Comtesse Gaston de la Rochefoucauld, Mme. J. Walter, Princesse Nathalie de Faucigny-Lucinge, Air-Marshal George, Mr. and Mrs. Eric Loder, the Marquise de Paris and Lord Duncannon, to name but a few.

The sale of pictures for charity held at the Galerie Charpentier was a very brilliant

affair, and realised over 6,000,000 francs for the U.N.A.C. A Matisse was auctioned for 1,350,000 francs; a Picasso brought a "mere" 800,000, and Marie Laurencin's exquisite offering netted 200,000 francs.

The great *succès de curiosité* was a canvas by Gladys Lloyd Robinson, sold for 130,000 francs. Mrs. Robinson's *vernissage* at the Galerie Weil took place in the evening, and one could hardly see the pictures for the guests. Since it was assumed that "Edward G." would be present, an extra force of police was on duty to keep order amongst the crowd that gathered outside to see the celebrities go in.

Mrs. Robinson's work is interesting, to say the least. She has what one might call "the massive manner," and her bill for painting materials must be enormous, but, to quote André Warnod, the eminent art critic, "her landscapes are gay and full of light," while Jean Gabriel Domergue told me that "she

reminds one of Utrillo; she has temperament and her work is good. There are several of her pictures that I would like to hang on my walls."

THE annual meeting of the A.S.A. at their headquarters in the Avenue des Champs Elysées was another pleasant gathering of old friends. This volunteer ambulance unit, that did such excellent war work, still carries on in these troublesome days of "peace," helping the halt and blind, and, above all, children.

During the first six months of the year, the war-worn cars have covered over 100,554 kilometres. Baroness de Junca, the president and founder of the Association, looked charming in grey and black, and Mme. Regnaud, vice-president and treasurer, was in uniform. Mlle. Marais, an active member of the unit and, in private life, a well-known portrait-painter, wore a tailored suit, as did Mme. Le Quellec, who is the holder of the French Golf Championship.

Amongst other members present were Mme. Gounouilh, who manages the sporting section of Madeleine de Rauch's *maison*, the Marquise de Polignac, the Comtesse de Tirmont, whose daughter, Beatrice de Sieyes, was recently married to M. Jean de Boinvilliers, the Comtesse de Contades, whose daughter Yvonne, a lovely brunette, was one of the prettiest of the society débutantes who sold programmes during the Grande Nuit de Paris, and Mme. Lefebvre, just back from America.

Here end the parties in town for this summer. Next week Miss Chrysler 1926 comes out of her retreat. I have just discovered that, as a pen-pusher, I am entitled to a small allowance of petrol per month . . . and I am going to make the most of it.

Voilà!

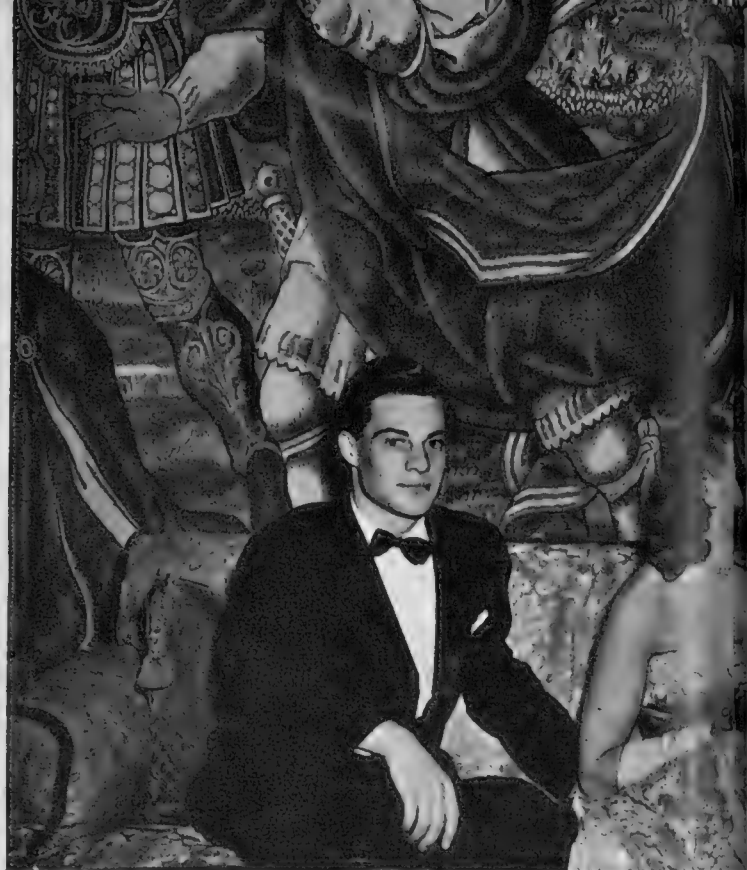
● M. and Mme. Durand have been married for many a year. Mme. D. tells her spouse how affectionate are two newly arrived neighbours in their street. "Every time the husband comes home he rushes to kiss his wife," complains Mme. D. "Why can't you do the same?" M. D. thinks it over. "All right," he agrees, "but I'll wait a bit till I know her better."



Miss Diana Huggins, eldest daughter of the Governor of Jamaica, with Lord Fairfax



Mr. Frankie More O'Ferrall talking to Viscountess Ednam and Mr. Patricio



Mr. Ian Scott-Elliot sitting with Mrs. Swinfen and Mrs. Edgar in a room which adorn Sutton Place.



The Hon. Morys Bruce, son and heir of Lord Aberdare, and Mrs. Bruce, who is the daughter of Sir John and Lady Dashwood, with Mr. J. Bourne-May

THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND

A Brilliant Event at Sutton Place, Guildford



Lady Huggins dancing with the Duke of Sutherland. On the right are Mr. and Mrs. Everard Gates



The Hon. Hugh Bruce with Mrs. Denham



Miss Diane Stewart-Murray, Lord Alexander of Kemsley, daughter of Lord Lovat, describes the dance on page 107



Mrs. Redmond McGrath with Mr. Gilbert Miller, the theatre producer and manager



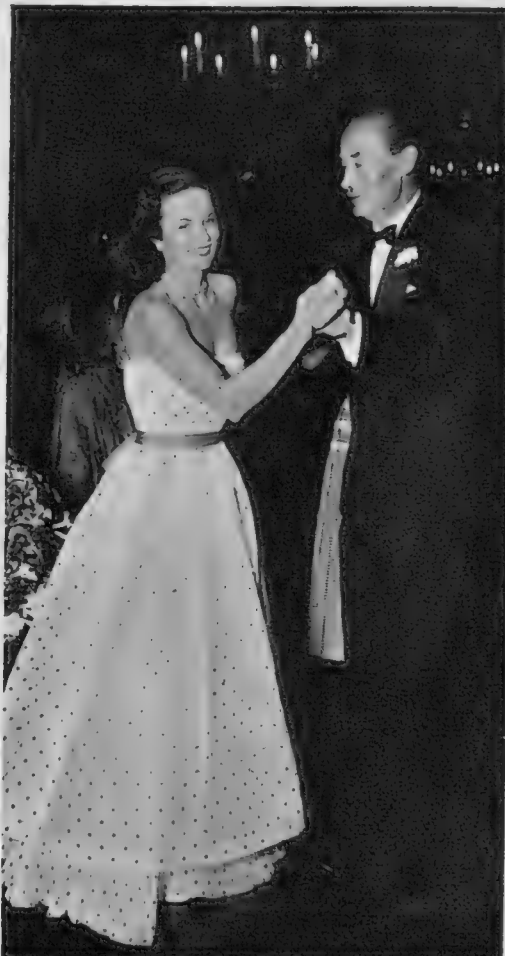
Mr. F. More O'Ferrall with Ensign Warren Taft and Miss Beverly Pearson from the U.S.

SUTHERLAND GIVE A DANCE

Miss Anne Clifford and Miss Diana Huggins



brother of Lord Lovat, Alexander, daughter of Kemsley



The Duchess of Sutherland dancing with Major Carlos Clarke in the Long Gallery



Lady Rosemary Spencer-Churchill, youngest daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough, with Mr. H. E. Montgomerie Charrington



"As for the elephant . . . it was evidently old enough to remember the Paris of the Pompadour"

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

Standing By . . .

WHETHER the City Buttonhole Club, recently founded to revive the wearing of homegrown posies by the spawn of Mammon, will have any sedative influence on the populace seems doubtful. The ritual tea-rose adorning the buttonhole of every Edwardian financier was excessively disturbing, by all accounts.

The clash is ideological. We ask the thoughtful reader to look at Marinus van Romerswael's celebrated study (National Gallery) of two Flemish usurers at work, and to judge the macabre effect of the simplest buttonhole on those fearful pans. We suggest moreover that any contrast of this kind moves blondes not to admiration but to revolt, as the poet accurately noted.

Her beauty smoothed Earth's furrowed face,
She gave me tokens three—
A look, a word of her winsome mouth;
And a wild raspberry.

This conveys the startled reaction of a simple, unspoiled girlish nature far more than any cry such as "Coo, Mr. Goldenkranz, I mean Laddie, you do look funny!" If the City boys must flaunt a decoration on their lapels, let it be a chaste little gold and enamel skull-and-cross-bones.

Yawn

CONNOISSEURS of the banal have doubtless preserved an exhausting little *Times* news-item about a circus-elephant taken up in the lift to the first storey of the Eiffel Tower and down again, for no reason worth mentioning. It was like the opening of a rather tiresome Cocteau story of the 1920's.

The Eiffel Tower is ideal for all such purposes. Soon after its erection (1889) Parisians with an eye to artistic suicide grew tired of jumping off the top and bouncing on the platform next below. Citroën and the radio have since reduced it to its proper level. As an argument for the theory that French civilisation died with Louis XVI, it ranks with Rouen railway-station and other major inspirations of the Third Republic. However, it annoys the Intelligentsia. Atta, Eiffel!

As for the elephant (female, aged 187) it was evidently old enough to remember the Paris of the Pompadour, the gracious architecture of Gabriel and Bouchardon, and the old Gothic Paris largely destroyed by Baron Haussmann. No doubt the Baron admirably discouraged the Red boys by driving those long broad avenues, perfect fields of artillery fire. He was nevertheless, like most barons, alas, a bit of a philistine (*épicier*).

Visitor

NIGHTINGALES will notoriously sing anywhere, even in Berkeley Square. Hence recent excitement over performances in Hampstead Garden Suburb seems rather unnecessary. Moreover, those liquid cadenzas may have had a satiric intention, who knows?

By this we mean that a nightingale might

conceivably deem many of the Suburb's cherished ideals—such as plain living, high thinking, yoga, vegetarianism, deep-breathing, lectures on Zoroaster, homespun combinations, and so forth—to be the bunk. One hesitates however to adopt this view. Our conviction is that the Hampstead Garden Suburb nightingale was moved to ecstasy by sheer admiration of the locals, and especially of their women. Possible rough translation of a sequence of top-notes:

O the magic hubbub
From transcendent lips,
When along the Subbub
Mrs. Whackstraw skips,

Questing for Higher Thought and weaving
rhythmic hips!

Observe the Shelley influence. Percy Bysshe Shelley (1792-1822) is well known in Nature circles as "the Concert-Direction Joe Schmaltz of the birdie-racket." To Mayfair dowagers he is equally well known during the wedding season as a publicity-man for the West End Traders' Association, from his oft-quoted line:

If Gunter comes, can Spink be far behind?

Excuse all this poetry.

Uplift

THAT stipulation of "Evening Dress" engraved on the Press-tickets for a recent fashionable West End film-première was a new and fruitless attempt by Wardour Street to smarten up the film-critics, we learn.

Not that any professional critics are models of *soigné* good form. When we acted as a drama critic for a memorable six months in the 1930's the Critics' Circle hated us for our quiet chic and the fact that our evening clothes were free from drink, soup, and blood-stains, and especially (round the collar) from dandruff. We need hardly add that when we later became a waiter at the Circle, in the same Savile Row suitings, we were fired within three weeks; and not, as reported in the Press, for being a Scotland Yard stool-pigeon either, or at least not primarily. As for film-critics, they are the nightmare of Wardour Street, a very dressy centre. Well we recall the day when the *Observer* and the *Sunday Times* drafted Miss Lejeune and Miss Powell into the critical racket, hoping thereby to civilise it. As Big Izzy ("Beau") Nussbaum of Perfection Pix said bitterly a week later: "Them babies, they got the right culturization but the wrong locale."

Footnote

A PRIVATE Gallup Poll conducted by us last week in the dubious night-haunts of film-critics reveals three major reasons why the boys are so moody and careless:

5 per cent.: "Films."
15 " " "The Pictures."
80 " " "The — Flicks."

Oddly enough, most of the boys don't drink much, or at least not very much, or at least relatively not very much.

Reward

ALL one can say of that Sussex schoolmarm who has won a delightful thirty days' holiday at UNO H.Q. with an essay on "The Role of the Individual in the United Nations" is that the girl deserves it. To spin out the simple basic fact "Not much" to average essay-length is indeed a feat.

Imagination somehow takes fire at the thought of a hall-full of dogged sweethearts scribbling away at this theme and supervised, no doubt, by the usual examiners' nark or alguazil enthroned high on a table to see that nobody cheats. One can't help hoping the prevailing tension was eased by some shy, lovely blonde suddenly raising her hand with a query.

"Well?"

"Pleathe how do you thpell 'pulthating'?"

"What is the context?"

"He clathped her in hith armth with a pulthating kith."

That would have startled Officialdom from its doze, or (more likely) from ogling passing trollops through the window. You say such a phrase couldn't possibly come into any essay on the Role of the Individual, etc., etc. We say it expresses what will soon be the only individual role left; naturally under police supervision, and with the proper permits under State Species-Reproduction (Units of Compulsory Labour-Personnel) Order 558 B. Flounce that off, Liberty belles.

Solution

Nobody has yet attempted to explain," wrote a scornful citizen to Auntie *Times*, "why the *razakars* or any other Hyderabadis should seek to provoke their powerful neighbours." Which would surely be as easy to explain, if it happened, as the recent class-hatred outburst of a British Cabinet boy? A Hyderabad, or anyone else, may be moved to provoke anybody at any time by (a) indigestion, due to bad or over-seasoned food, (b) pique, due to being turned down by a floozie, or any one of 655,328 other reasons, all deriving ultimately from the villainy of man. No decent person ever mentions this nowadays because Harley Street has abolished the Seven Deadly Sins, and we doubt if Auntie *Times* would permit any mention of them. Something refined like "a tendency to the pathological condition known as 'insufficiency-content'" would have to be substituted to get past that old trout.



All right. We are now taking you over to Mo Mazuma and his Merrie Musical Madcaps, in a riot of all-British mirth and melody.

" . . . or at least
relatively not very
much"



Intruder tactics by the Crazy Gang added light relief to the match at Wimbledon Park. Bud Flanagan, Teddy Knox and Jimmy Nervo watch a masterly drive by Charlie Naughton

Savage Club Golfers Beat the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company



Mr. Charles Dorning (D'Oyly Carte) with Mr. Raymond Newall (Savage Club), who returned the second best score, 76 net



Mr. Trefor Jones (Savage Club) and Mr. Darrell Fancourt (D'Oyly Carte). The Savage Club won by four games to three



Mr. Martyn Green, the D'Oyly Carte Company's leading comedy singer, putting



Mr. Harold Williams (Savage Club) with Mr. Hugh Jones (D'Oyly Carte manager), who returned the best score of 73



Mr. Thomas Round (D'Oyly Carte) and Mr. Ian McLean on the course during their game



Billy Lennard (Savage Club) driving at the second hole



A. W. Kerr
General Sir Montagu Stopford, G.O.C., Northern Command, inspecting the Winchester College Junior Training Corps, whose C.O. is Major G. R. Hamilton, O.B.E., T.D., housemaster of Bramston's. General Stopford, who is an A.D.C. to the King, and rendered most distinguished service in the Burma campaign, expressed great approval of the turnout. Behind, in civilian clothes, is Mr. Walter Oakeshott, headmaster of Winchester

Sabretache

Pictures in the Fire

IN spite of all the inky-black clouds that "lour upon our house," they are beginning to talk about what will win the 1949 Derby, and one of the names is Nimbus—a somewhat appropriate one *vis-à-vis* the "weather forecast." In the Coventry Stakes at Ascot he was only beaten a head by Royal Forest, and he soundly trounced Golden Triumph, who was runner-up to Makarpura in the New Stakes, also at Ascot.

Royal Forest is unbeaten so far, and there is also that promising Abernant, winner of the Chesham, and owned in the same family as Royal Forest (the Hon. Mrs. R. N. Macdonald-Buchanan and her husband, Major R. N. Macdonald-Buchanan, Joint Master of the Pytchley, who owns the other Beckhampton crack). It is early enough to begin tipping them when we have got the Middle Park and Dewhurst results, plus the Gimcrack, to help us. However, there is no harm in hoping; likewise, anything that will provide an escape must surely be to the good under present circumstances, and it is everyone's job to try to find one, since most people talk about far less pleasant things. There is no objection to talking about the Derby, but if we took a price we might burn our fingers.

Sport in Australia

THERE was only room to quote in a recent issue a part of an interesting letter I got from Captain Rex Smart, who has been away in Australia for so many years but who was very well known in the world of sport over here in happier times. Rex Smart amazes me by what he says in this further extract from his letter about polo in Australia, but after what we saw of that fine team of Ashton brothers at Hurlingham, and of Bob Skene, who learned the first rudiments in Assam, where, I think, his father was a tea-planter, I am not surprised that America wanted to see them. Here polo is virtually dead: Hurlingham and Ranelagh gone for ever, and only a few bits and pieces in the way of enthusiasts carrying on at Roehampton, Henley and so forth. To continue to quote:

Polo is going quite well. The Ashtons all married, with enough offspring to be a future polo team. Geoff and Phil are the only two playing at present. Polocrosse (a mounted variant of lacrosse) is the most popular game at present. The women play just as hard and well as the men. Most country places have their teams.

The Royal Show here is a gigantic organisation. When I tell you that there are over 5000 horses entered it gives you some idea. Last year I had the pleasure of judging one section. I'm afraid the Australians will never learn to turn their animals out in show fashion. Manes and tails trailing on the ground! However, most of the animals show plenty

of quality and, I think, are the most docile in the world. The riders have hands of iron and are quite impossible at showing a horse. It is a different story when they get on a buck-jumper; the only way they can be unseated is for the animal to throw himself on the ground! The show goes on till midnight—cattle-drafting, buck-jumping, etc., are all marvellous.

Bob Skene is a racing judge in Malaya. His father is busy shipping racehorses and ponies to those parts, where there is a great demand. Did you ever publish your hunting book? If so, where can I get a copy? I see my old pal, Maurice Kingscote, is still the best amateur huntsman in England. I'm glad to see that there has been an endeavour to start polo—I'm afraid the good old days are a thing of the past. It is very sad to see poor old England in such dire straits.

I met Curtis Skene yesterday. He tells me that Bob will be returning here at the end of his engagement in Malaya. He has been asked to take a team to America at some future date. There are some extra promising young players here. One named Henderson, who, with practice, will be as good as Bob. Just wants experience. Has all the strokes and resembles Leslie Cheape.

Animals sent to Malaya who couldn't win an

engagement here have proved money-spinners there, as the use of blinkers isn't prohibited, as in these parts. Ponies and horses are very expensive. Gone are the days when one could buy a pony for a tenner. I once purchased an animal for £12 and sold it in India for £450! Nice to think about.

A Book on Fishing

THE know-alls tell me that fishing has never been more popular than it is to-day, and that owners of salmon and trout water are quite unable to cope with the quantities of enthusiasts to whom a fishing holiday is the perfect one. That Arthur Applin belongs to this happy breed is obvious in his new book, *Philandering Angler* (Hurst and Blackett; 12s. 6d.), which contains a bit of philosophy, many amusing anecdotes, a few pet theories, and some delightful illustrations by Denys Watkins-Pitchford, the whole set partly at home and partly abroad. In an otherwise pleasant contribution to the angler's library, it seems a pity that Mr. Applin has chosen to poke rather tedious fun—not just once, but several times—at "the dry-fly purist," whom he seems to regard as a sort of spoon-fed profiteer, sans art or sporting instincts. And Echo answers "Why?"

A Descendant of King Penda

IF only we were more studious and fuller of curiosity, what a mass of interesting things we might find out about our own familiar friends whom we meet every day. For instance, there is the commonplace national name of Pound which, according to the late Dr. William Brend, who was honorary librarian of the Athenæum and a keen delver into these matters, has its root, like that of Penn, in the name of King Penda of Mercia, who lived a vivid and sanguineous life in the middle of the seventh century, and has unquestionable claims to be rated amongst the first people to discover that the Pytchley country is a good one in which to hunt.

Incidentally, Penda was a most bloodthirsty ruffian, almost, but not quite, as bad as any of the moderns. The only Pound I know, a well-known figure in Fleet Street, now I come to think of it, looks a bit wild at times if he will allow me as a friend to say so. Sometimes people revert to type, or perhaps . . . ?

Penda must have had as his huntsman one Alwin, who, strangely enough, lived quite close to Brixworth, where the Pytchley kennels are to-day, and it is even more strange that that was where that famous Pytchley huntsman, Frank Freeman, lived. History has a quaint knack of repeating itself! Alwin was probably the first paid huntsman to a king, and I should imagine that his job was no sinecure, for Penda had a nasty temper from all accounts.

BRIGGS—by Graham



"... and you must all stay for lunch. . . ."

EMMWOOD'S WARRIOR WARBLERS

(NO. 9)

A bird remarkable for the fact that its interest in food is purely æsthetic, not nutritional

ADULT MALE: General colour above pinkish, inclined to turn green when approximate to food; beak long, sharp and palely port-wine in colour; body feathers dun coloured, normally to be seen with a pretty band of greenish feathers across the abdomen; shanks spindly; feet black, leathery and webbed; although the bird is, primarily, a land bird, it is apt to spend much of its time in hot water.

HABITS: The Wry-Necked Orderly Ostrich derives its name from its odd manner of twisting its neck around until it is looking over its upper coverts and then uttering its peevish cry, a kind of "Realisargent-Thisplaistines." The bird has many quaint habits, most of which may be extremely diverting to the observer. The Orderly Ostrich will spend much of its time poking its beak into any, and all, corners it may find, clucking broodily to itself the while. In spite of its fractious manner the younger members of the genus will run to it with all their many and varied complaints: it is most amusing to watch the bird endeavour to settle these little contretemps, without actually having to waste time in chewing the matter over. At night-time the bird is uncannily attracted by light, appearing most unexpectedly and warbling angrily: it may be silenced by quickly turning off all illuminations, thus placing the bird back into the dark—as it were.

HABITATS: The Orderly Ostrich may be found brooding, quietly, in all places of a protected nature. The bird is happiest when it has found a dark and secluded corner where it can put its little feet up and sip some sweet nectarine secretion far into the stilly watches of the night.



The Wry-Necked Orderly Ostrich—or Cookhaus Dabbler

(Nocomplaents-Thismeensmutini)

Scoreboard

SOME say that cricket's slow. It's not. It's the fastest game in the world, for Rumour. A man at the Manchester Test, with every outward sign of reliability and good-citizenship, told me that he'd heard Bradman telling Hassett that he, Bradman, was going "to have a bowl himself, if the sun came out." I'm not doubting it. I'll believe anything or nothing at Test matches.

You see, the craziness starts at the top, in both senses. I overheard a journalist—we are always overhearing or over-talking each other—well, I overheard him seeking exclusive information from a cricket high-up, alias Mandarin; and the Mandarin, or Questionee, said: "I'm saying nothing," then talked for half an hour; on the Test, the weather, the flaws in the British hotel management, great batsmen of the past (here a delicate blush mantled on his finely-chiselled cheeks), the weather, the Test, the flaws again, and so home again to Square One.

YES, the craziness starts at the top and works downwards. I know I ought not to be frivolous about England versus Australia. And as Mrs. Humphry Ward, according to Sir Max Beerbohm, remarked to Uncle Matthew Arnold: "Why, oh why, will you not always be wholly serious?"



We were saying that the craziness at cricket works downwards. And the more democratic or plebeian (obsolete word) it gets, the more it tends to rise from statement to prophecy. The Test prophet sits in the bleachers defying sunstroke, or the other more distressing and universal complaint. He's the exact opposite of that underrated character Cassandra (once erroneously suspected of being King Agamemnon's mistress). Cassandra prophesied the truth and no one believed her. The man in the bleachers prophesies the untruth, and everyone, who is anyone, believes him; for a time; then this batsman of his who was bound to make 200 proves to be some other quite different batsman, in the same cap, and makes 2, and lucky to get them.

But the prophet is not put out by a trifling miscalculation like that. He's as tough as any tipster, or any Turkey *Au Mauvais Chef* banged down in front of you at 6s. 6d. with 2s. 6d. for the tablecloth and Esperanto from the waiter. Yes, sir. He prophesies that "Tom will be put on next over, you see now." But Tom isn't put on; because he isn't playing in the Test at all, although he was picked to play by the whole of his home-town and, in public correspondence, by Disgusted Englishman. But no matter, no matter. It's all fun; and pure fun, too; not the Continental sort.

And talking of fun; the gatekeepers at Big Cricket don't always see it; either way. Instance. A pal of mine who takes professional photographs of the Principal Sporting Events had spent half the day trying to get a shot of "Bradman Bowled for 2,417," or what-have-you. But each time he was going to pull the trigger, down came the rain. Then it stayed down. And this photographer doesn't like cricket even when it's good. So, at 6.30 p.m., strapping up his paraphernalia, he made for the exit.

Here the gatekeeper joined the story and asked the photographer what he was doing. "Queuing," came the answer, "for to-morrow's cricket." "Other entrance," said the gatekeeper, "for the all-night queue."

AND still talking of fun. All over England a summer term at schools are ending; our young paladins, the bays fresh on their brows, are casting their triumphant eyes over a wider field. So now we'll have Big Cricket followed by spectators who really do know their job, and keep "the anal"; and know all the cricketers' averages to two decimal points, and very properly consider a lost Test match as just a lousy swizz.

R.C. Robertson-Jaspar



Bill Brandt

Elizabeth Bowen's

Book Reviews

"The Ides of Summer"

"Attic and Area"

"Acres and Pains"

"The Englishman's Home"

"The Governess at Ashburton Hall"

"Nights at the Opera"

ARE there—can there really be—characters who are precipitators of other people's doom, "carriers," in the illness sense, of misfortune? Plane and railway accidents, large-scale fatalities such as earthquakes and fires would, if so, follow in such a character's wake: his passing would be to be dreaded, his presence shunned. That he *was*, indeed, such a Jonah, was the obsession of Cassius, white-faced hero of Marc Brandel's *The Ides of Summer* (Eyre and Spottiswoode; 9s.).

One can hardly wonder that Cassius looks as he does. He was, Mr. Brandel tells us:

A tall, lean young man of about twenty-four or five with dark hair and a mournful, delicately

sculptured face; but the remarkable thing about him, the thing that even on another day might have drawn attention to him as he passed, was that his face seemed altogether drained of blood, as if it had been forever frozen upon the receipt of tragic news or on the edge of anger.

We first meet Cassius, in raincoat, hurrying, all unseeing of what is round him, through the downpour of a New York wet evening, at the rush-hour. To the accompaniment (as ever) of a dizzying headache, another of his macabre premonitions is coming on. Something awful is once more about to happen—not to him, but to a number of people in some way (however remotely) connected with him. Who are these

people—how great their number—what is to be the nature of their appalling fate?

CASSIUS cannot say, dare not hope to know. The necessity to unburden himself, to seek counsel, is driving him through the rain to the house of his friend Thring—dilettante, escape-type and amorist. To Thring Cassius tells the story of the Chicago fire, in which, not so many years ago, nine of his personal acquaintances had perished.

This time, the best hope of averting disaster seems to be, to go to ground. Having warned off his fiancée (in such a manner, unhappily, as both to upset her and stir flaming curiosity),

ERIC AMBLER, seen here in his house in Kensington, writes thrillers with a difference, as all who have enjoyed his *Cause for Alarm*, *The Mask of Dimitrios*, *The October Man* and other books will agree. Mention of the last-named recalls its success as a film and its author's increasingly close connection with the film world. Writer of the script of one of the best of the war films, *The Way Ahead*, he has now joined Cineguild and is engaged at present on the preparation of scripts for director David Lean. His wife is American-born Louise Ambler, the fashion artist

our Cassius proceeds to lock himself up in his small stone house on Fifty-first Street. But on this very house, we find, are due to converge an assorted number of persons, for a widely different number of reasons.

The Chicago victims had, we know, arrived on the scene of their doom in the course of looking for Cassius. Is this New York group of worthies (or unworthies) to impale itself, for exactly the same reasons, upon some still unknown but no less appalling fate? Mr. Brandel, with extreme skill, introduces into the story the hypothetical victims—one or two of whom have not even, so far, the pleasure of knowing Cassius.

We are to meet mawkish Mrs. Lubbock (who spends "a full, happy and useless life" promoting art) and her sixteen-year-old daughter, the nit-witted and voluptuous Myrtle. Also, John Trail, young British painter, who knows he ought to be playing his part at home (this is wartime), and a casualty of Mr. Trail's drunken past—Eloise, who is left one awful evening only wishing for death.

Longfellow Fisher, disenchanted critic, Gorse O'Connor, Irish-American chiefly out for excitement, Cynthia Foot, Cassius's fiancée, and the aforesaid Thring, Cassius's original confidant, complete the batch whose convergence upon the fateful house, at what seems appointed to be the fateful hour, we watch with suspense.

The suspense, it must be admitted, is of the nerves more than of the heart. These types (if it be not too cold-blooded to say so of persons living, even in fiction) decidedly may be classed as the better-dead. The interest of this first-rate fantasy-thriller arises from the series of far-fetched chances, whims, aberrations, affecting these persons' movements. The suspense (again) which is the controlling thing, turns upon whether, or whether not, Cassius's dire premonition is going to be justified—and, if so, by what means?

The Ides of Summer is merry, tense, cynical and improper. You may, in fact, find yourself reading passages twice, wondering whether Mr. Brandel can possibly mean what he seems to mean. He does. He also forestalls, disarmingly, a comparison that must jump to most readers' minds. "Any similarity," he announces, "between this book and another of a different name about a footbridge in Peru is purely satirical."

The Bridge of San Luis Rey was far more tender.

"ATTIC AND AREA" (Hamish Hamilton; 10s. 6d.) is an early-Victorian story with a maidservant heroine—by Francesca Marton, author of *Over the Same Ground*. Miss Marton, as she showed in her first novel, has a nice sense of both the detail and atmosphere of the not-too-remote past. This time, her naive young person—Betsey Wellard, newly arrived out of Kent to take up her first place in a rich merchant's family—is surrounded by the London gossip, the London repercussion of events: the young Queen's impending marriage looms, for instance, large.

Everything, naturally, is at kitchen level. (The novel is sub-titled "A Maidservant's Year.") Below-stairs society is represented as full-blooded, cheerfully on the make, convincingly gross, not sordid. Buxom, astute little Betsey is well aware of the perils the big city holds—rakes, cut-throats, and would-be procuresses such as old Mrs. Lupp.

This is a cosy novel, never quite embroiling itself in depressing realism—though our heroine is in a bad enough way when, owing to no fault of her own, she is thrown out of the Whetscombe household without a character. A society which (by Miss Marton's showing) chased any stray dog to death on the chance that it might be mad, was not likely to show itself motherly to an adrift young country girl.

MISS MARTON—still, I feel certain, young—is so gifted and so promising a writer that I feel one may pay her the tribute of certain criticisms. *Attic and Area* is just a bit too long; and the plot is just a shade too well-contrived and ingenious. Though, admittedly, her leisurely, detailed story-telling, black villains, kindly spinsters and beauties in distress do chime in with the epoch in which she sets her story. She encroaches, with charming assurance, upon the Dickens country—several of her characters, even, have Dickensian names—i.e., Mr. Prawler, the awful preacher.

Here, taken in all, however, is a novel which is a pleasure to read. High festivals—now, alas, little but names or conventions to us—stand out for our youthful heroine, in a still-young century; Twelfth Night, St. Valentine's Day, All Fools' Day, May Day, Bartlemytide, All Hallows, Bonfire Night, all glow with their ancient myths and returning fun.

"ACRES AND PAINS": "A Guide to Country Loafing" (Heinemann; 7s. 6d.) is this summer's gift to us from S. J. Perelman, "America's No. 1 Humorist." This author has abated nothing of his fine madness since we had *Crazy Like a Fox*.

The outward move from the big cities seems to be general. What, indeed, could be sweeter than an Olde Worlde retreat, green fields, bird song, a life of healthful activity? So, at least,



F. J. Goodman

Ingeborg Wells is the author of "Enough, No More," to be published by Herbert Joseph early in September. It describes her ten years in Nazi and then Russian-occupied Berlin, and has been translated by Viscount Sudley

one might think. Mr. Perelman was swift in succumbing to the delusion. An Old American farmhouse, sixty miles into the backwoods of Pennsylvania has proved the cure.

Water supply, neighbours, furnace trouble, hired men, architects, dogs, attempts to sink a swimming pool, imported servants and—still worse—imported friends from the city, inspire drastic chapters in the Perelman idiom. Here are, for instance, a couple of week-end guests:

Once the victuals are down, the female waddles to the nearest sofa and collapses, while the male points out the little errors of construction I have

made around the place. At nine, both retire to bed with a bottle and our honeyed entreaties to sleep as long as they like. In less time than it takes to read *Henry Esmond* the dishes are washed, cigarettes dug out of the veneer, and we are in bed listening to them giggling through the partition over our stinging.

About the cocktail hour next day, after the house has rung to reverberating snores like the beat of the surf at Coronado, two somnambulists appear and waspishly demand farina, plovers' eggs and Canadian bacon. Any attempt to drag them outdoors is futile; they've seen all the grass they care to in Central Park. They are still in pyjamas when the local gentry come bursting in. . . .

Not a passage steeped in love of the human kind! The disappointing effects of country life on the author's children are also marked. In short, as Mr. Perelman's English publishers put it—"if you live in the country and don't want to, or if you don't live in the country and want to, this is the book for you."

ONE should never close a review on a disabused note. As a corrective to the reaction from Mr. Perelman I recommend, therefore, a book of beautiful photographs, *The Englishman's Home* (Harrap; 25s.). These are the work of Val Doone—who has interpreted "home" in the wide sense: as wherever the eye, fancy or memory is most glad to rest. Accordingly, while we are given manor house, cottage, village, we have also light-bathed spaces of mountain country, riverside scenes (the reflections in the water almost seem to tremble, so sensitive is Mr. Doone's photography), ruins, seaports, coastlines. Even factory chimneys at one idealised moment against the sky. . . . "Whitby Abbey" (p. 16) is the most lyrical of all.

The Foreword is written by Sir Stephen Tallents.

NEIL BELL is so well known and so long established a writer that in reading a novel of his for the first time I feel myself to be a person arriving late at a party already in full swing. I experience, therefore, diffidence in confessing that I did not enjoy *The Governess at Ashburton Hall* (Eyre and Spottiswoode; 9s. 6d.) as much as I had hoped to. This novel is a period piece (1898) with a thriller background. The heroine, Barbara Pascoe, a girl brought up in comfortable circumstances but finding no money after her father's death, goes as governess to a wealthy but inexplicably uneasy family in Devonshire. Somehow Barbara did not entirely win me—perhaps she had just too much common sense—and I flagged under the length of the letters the characters wrote each other and their inexhaustible gift for delivering monologues. However, *The Governess at Ashburton Hall* is a well-rounded-off (as to plot) and certainly ample tale.

"NIGHTS AT THE OPERA," by Barbara McFadyean and Spike Hughes (Pilot Press; 12s. 6d.), should be just what is wanted in many homes. The book is even, I understand, in the nature of a request performance. "Opera, let's face it," open the authors cheerily, "is probably the most ludicrous way of filling a theatre that ever existed; but it fills theatres." To enlarge the pleasure of the average opera-goer, and those who listen to opera on radio or gramophone at home, has been the object of this excellent work. Fifteen of the most-often-performed operas are analysed, their plots supplied in detail—for which I, for one, am grateful, for I have from time to time wondered what all the fuss was being made about—and notes on composers given. There are, in addition, several hundreds of musical examples. Not least usefully, the authors have listed available gramophone records.

**Ehrman—Blake**

Mr. John Patrick William Ehrman, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Ehrman, of Clobb Copse, Beaulieu, Hampshire, married Miss Elizabeth Susan Anne Blake, elder daughter of Vice-Admiral Sir Geoffrey Blake and Lady Blake, of Woodpeckers, Brockenhurst, Hampshire, at St. Mark's, North Audley Street

**Baker—Heaton-Armstrong**

Mr. Peter Baker, M.C., only son of Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Baker, of Loddenden Manor, Staplehurst, Kent, married Miss Gloria Mae Heaton-Armstrong, second daughter of Col. C. S. Heaton-Armstrong, O.B.E., and of Mrs. W. H. Scott, of the Bridge House, Marden, Kent, at St. Peter's, Cranleigh Gardens

**Crocker—Bjornsson**

Mr. John William Graham Crocker, B.A., elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Crocker, married Miss Ingrid Bjornsson, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Bjorn Bjornsson, at St. George's, Hanover Square. The bride being Icelandic, the wedding took place in evening dress

THEY WERE MARRIED

The "Tatler's" Review

**Reid—Hogg**

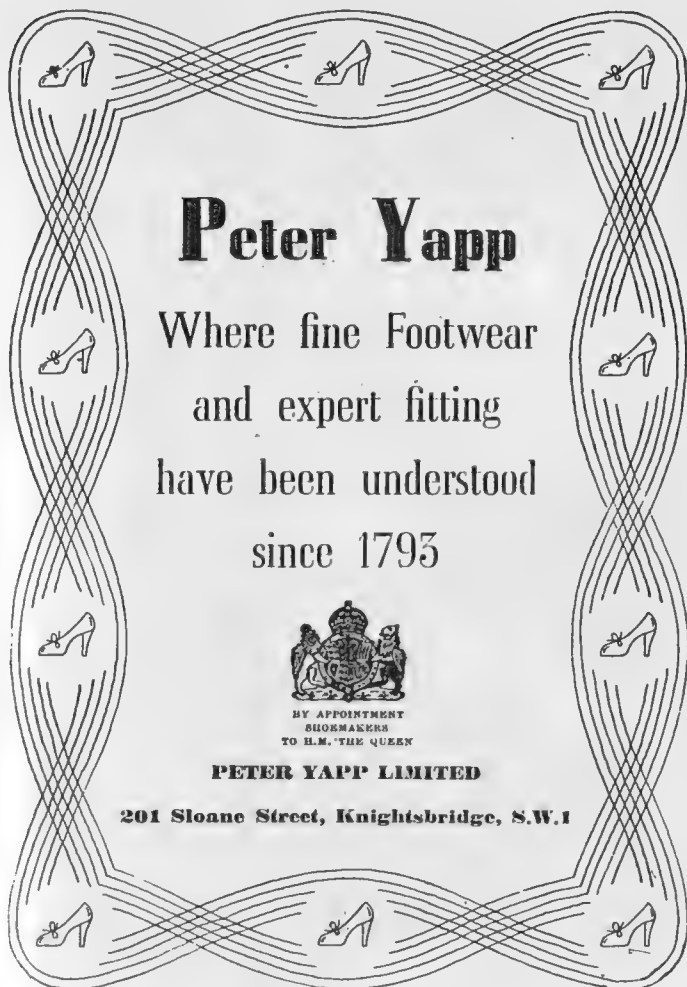
Mr. David Ritchie McKenzie Reid, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. Reid, of Albert Hall Mansions, London, S.W.7, married Miss Joan Marie Selkirk Hogg, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. P. Hogg, of Egerton Gardens, London, S.W.3, at St. Saviour's, Walton Street

**Anderson—Kimber**

Mr. Charles Martin Anderson, only son of Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Anderson, of Caracas and Paris, married Miss Beryl June Kimber, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Kimber, of Hamstede, Stanmore Common, Middlesex, at St. James's, Spanish Place


**Hall—Gratton**

Mr. Victor John Hall, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hall, of Green Lane, Dronfield, Derbyshire, married Miss Freda Jean Gratton, daughter of Mr. J. S. W. Gratton, F.G.I., and Mrs. Gratton, of Baslow Road, Tolley, Sheffield, at St. John's, Abbeydale, Sheffield



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Photographs by Eric Joysmith

Fashion Page by Winifred Lewis



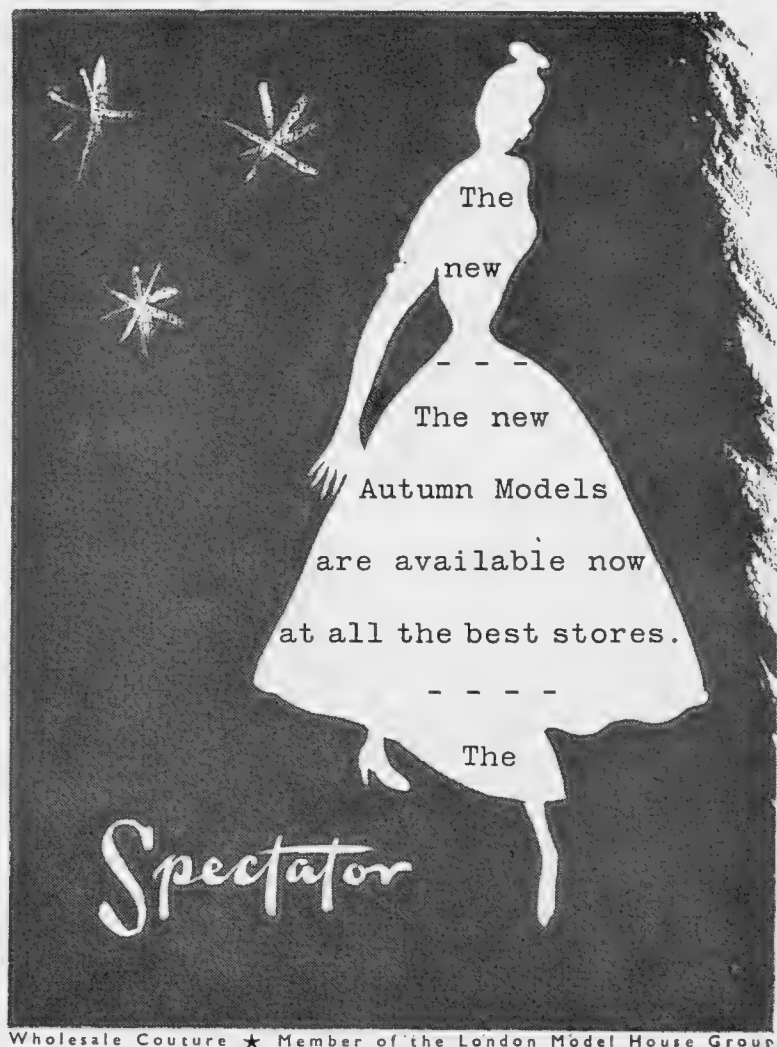
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The "Tatler's" Register of ENGAGEMENTS



Miss Clere Briggs, younger daughter of Captain and Mrs. William Briggs, of Tillington, Petworth, Sussex, who is engaged to Mr. Guy Desmond Hadley, elder son of the late Mr. H. Hadley, and of Mrs. Hadley, of Ifield, Sussex.



Miss Elisabeth Edith Maunsell Gell, only daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. P. V. W. Gell, of Hopton Hall, Wirksworth, Derbyshire, who is engaged to Lt.-Col. Edward Adair Clarke, D.S.O., only son of Mr. E. S. Clarke, D.L., and Mrs. Clarke, of Ballyvaughlis Lodge, Lisburn, Co. Down.



Miss Jean Margaret Lodge, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Lodge, of Kirkella, Yorkshire, who is engaged to Mr. Alfred James Shaughnessy, younger son of the late Capt. the Hon. A. T. Shaughnessy, and of the Hon. Lady Legh, of St. James's Palace, S.W.1.



Miss Ursula Tudor Parker, younger daughter of Dr. and Mrs. A. Parker, of Corby, Lincolnshire, who has announced her engagement to Mr. Peter Hedley Harwood, only son of Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Harwood, of Wakefield, Yorkshire.



Miss June Moore and Mr. Henry Hyde, who are engaged to be married. Miss Moore is the youngest daughter of Captain Charles Moore, of The Pavilion, Hampton Court Palace, and Mooresfort, Tipperary, and of the late Lady Dorothea Moore, and Mr. Hyde is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Hyde, of Kempton Park, Sunbury-on-Thames.



Pearl Freeman



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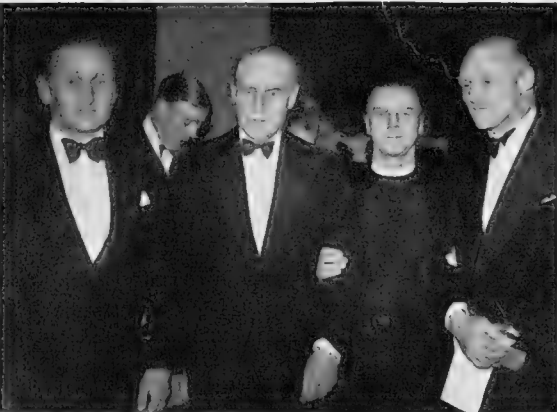
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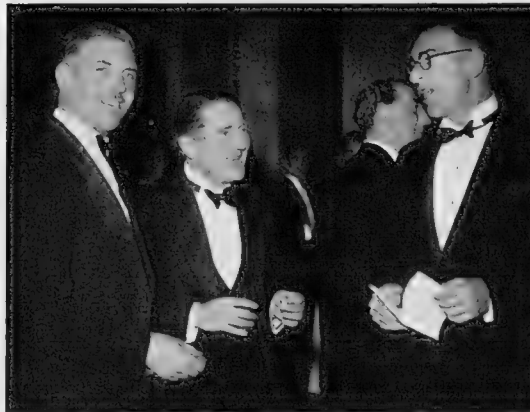


Some of the guests, who have all been distinguished Cambridge University sportsmen: Mr. W. F. H. Newington (Rugger), Mr. A. D. Allen (Rugger), Dr. R. S. Woods (Athletics), Mr. Wakeling (steward for forty years), Mr. G. Illingworth (Golf), Mr. C. Hopwood (Rugger), Mr. J. C. Allom (Cricket) and Mr. W. H. Webster (Cricket and Soccer)

The Hawks Club Annual Dinner



Lord Burghley (Athletics), Lt.-Gen. Sir R. M. Weeks (Soccer), the Rev. A. J. W. Wilcox (Rowing) and Sir W. W. Wakefield, M.P. (Rugger)



Mr. J. A. Tallent (Rugger), Secretary of the dinner, with Dr. A. H. Pirie and Mr. G. B. Coughlan (Rugger) at Grosvenor House

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RECORD OF THE WEEK

THERE are hundreds and thousands of people who genuinely enjoy their music if played by a brass band, and there are as many, up and down the length and breadth of these islands, who "have a go" at playing a cornet, trombone, or even a tin whistle. It would be wrong to sniff at these worthy members of society, so I am delighted to be able to commend to your notice the records made by the Tottenham Citadel Band of the Salvation Army.

As examples of what can be done with a brass band they are first class. *Good Old Army* by Coles occupies both sides of one record, and the various sections of the band are given every opportunity to show their virtuosity. The tune is good and the presentation varied and workmanlike.

On the second record the band plays a grand march *Heroes of the Combat* also by Coles, and "Minuet" from Handel's *Samson* arranged by the same talented musician.

These records are among some of the best of their type to be issued in recent years and they reflect great credit on the band and Bandmaster E. Edwards, who shows that he is a conductor of understanding and drive. (Regal-Zonophone M.F. 319-320).

Robert Tredinnick

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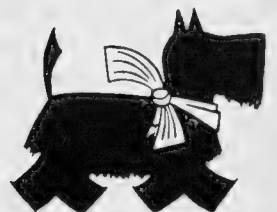
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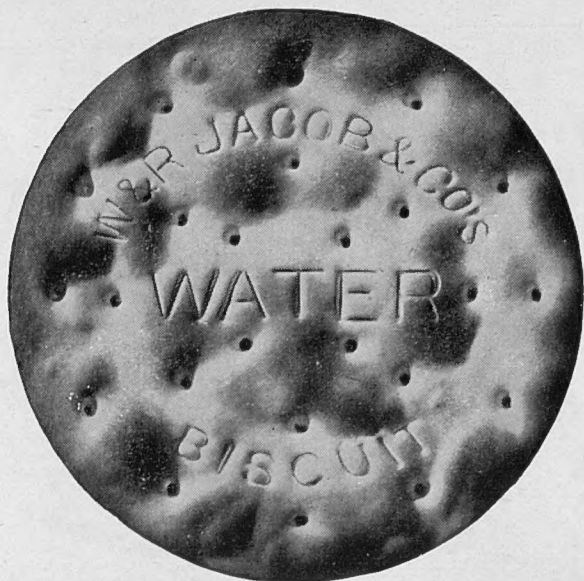
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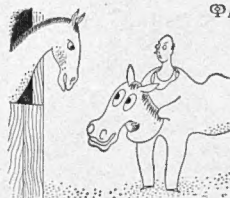
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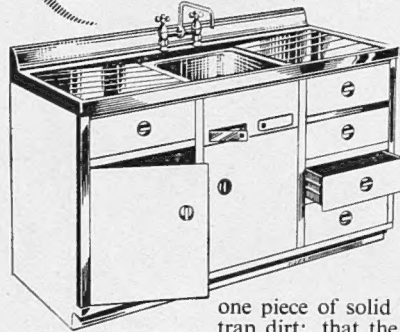
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